


The Arsenal Cannon

January
1927

CLASS
COLORS

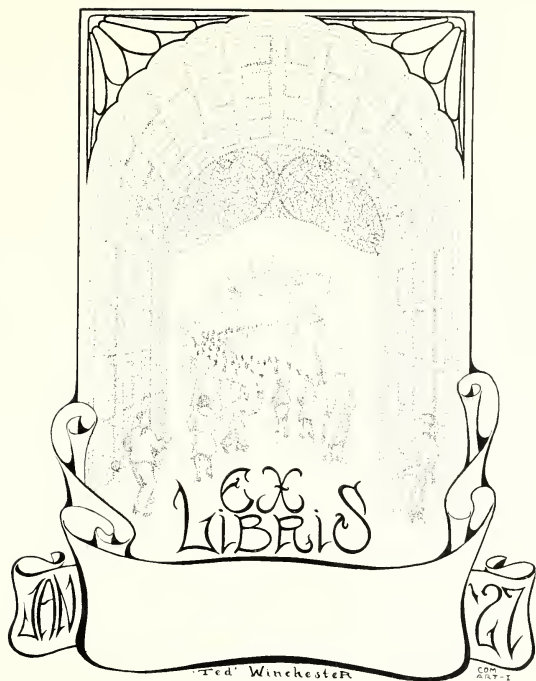
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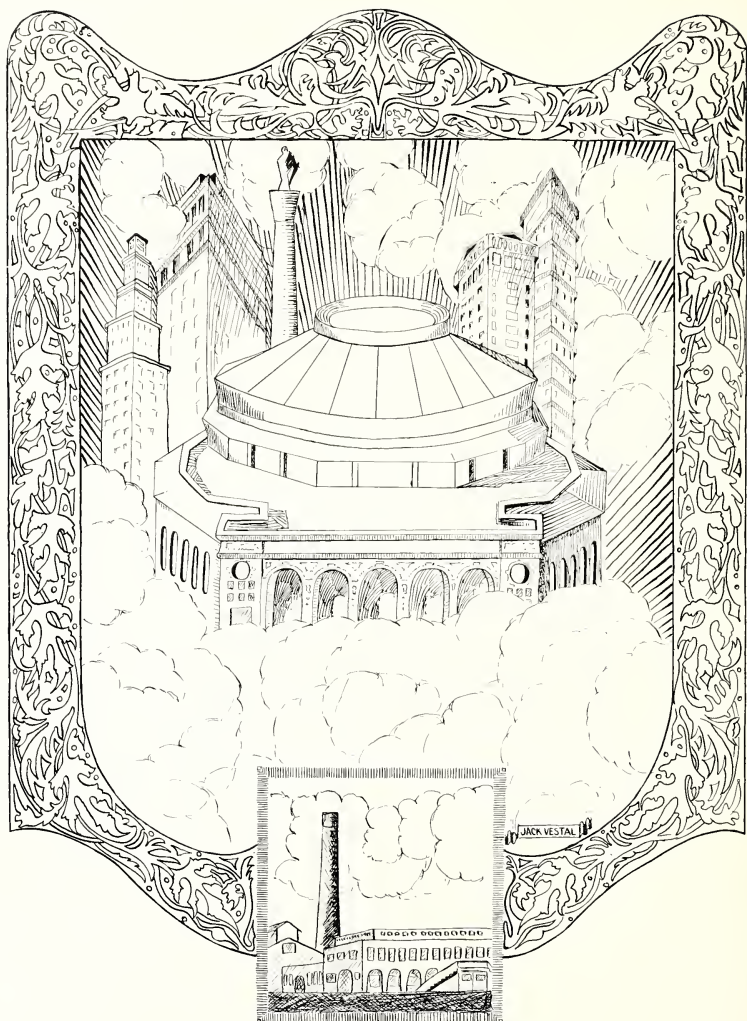
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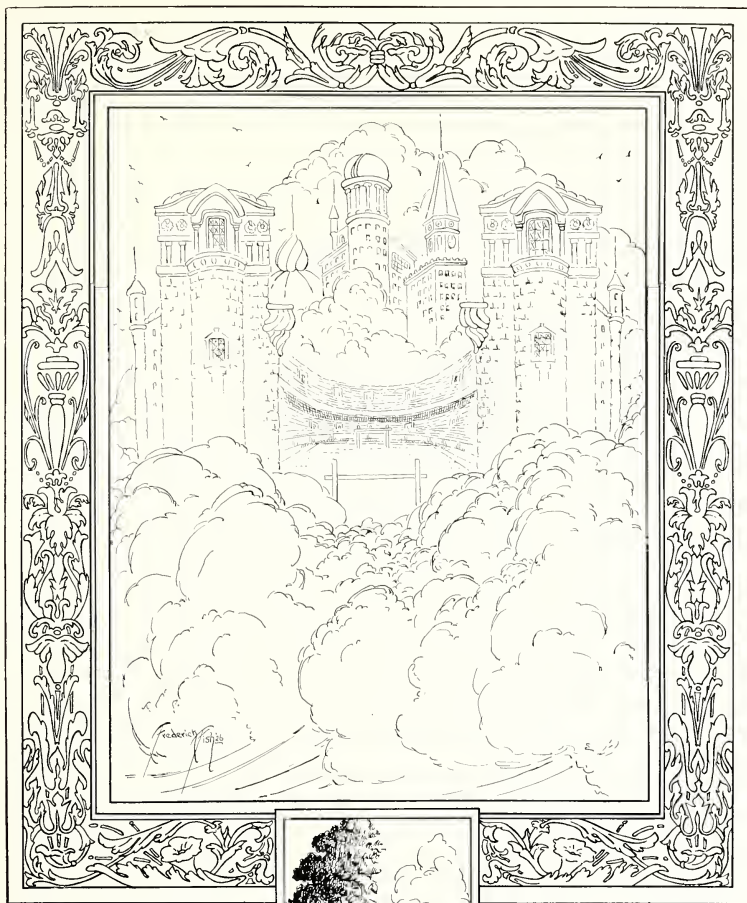


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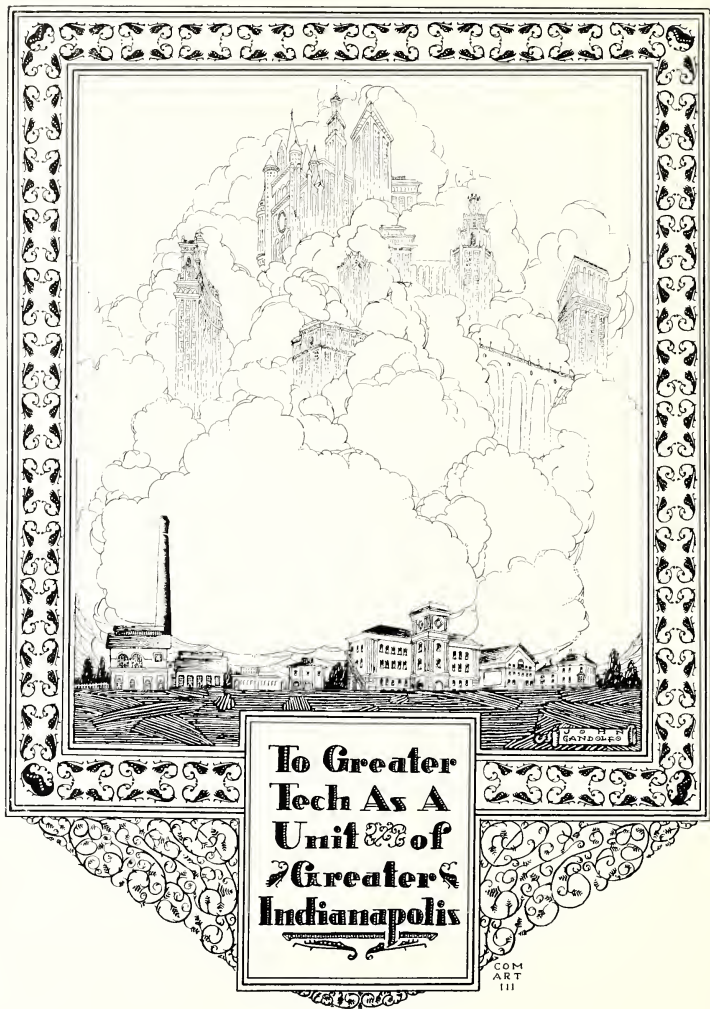




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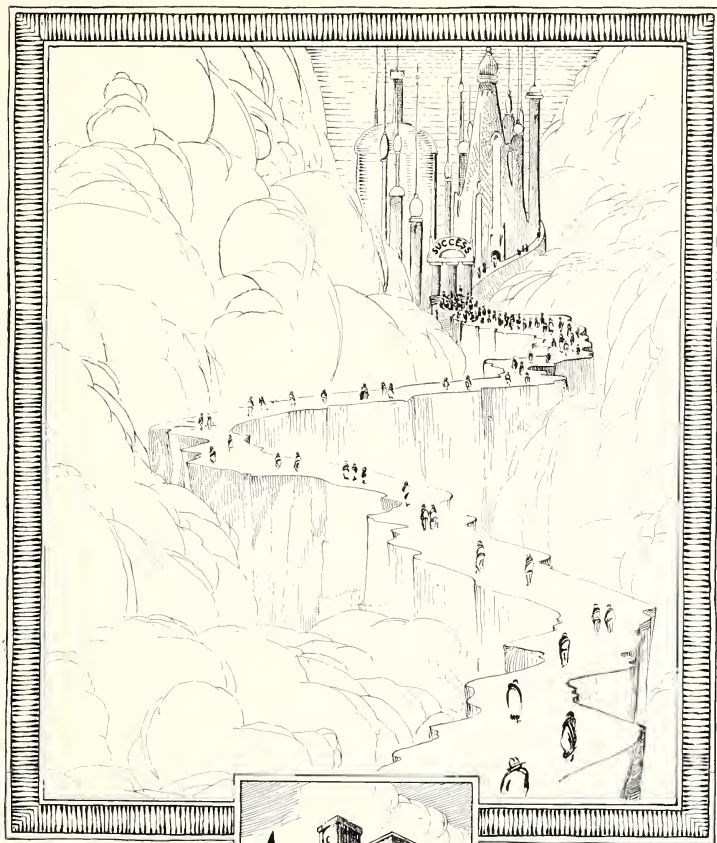
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Sgt. at Arms

Senior
Class
Officers
January '27



MARY ELIZABETH CORDES
Class Poet



THELMA CALDWELL
Song Writer



LEONE MOORE
Author



CHARLES D. SAUTELLE
Music



IRIS CARROLL
Costume



ANDREW MOATS
Proprietor

Class Day Committee



Madge Ahi



Iris Altger



Arthur Anderson



Gladys Anderson



Robert Anderson



Louise Arford



Trula Arford



Lucille Atherton



Paul Atwood



Louis Baan



Josephine Ball



Ralph Banta



Gene Barnett



Kenneth Bangover



Paul Barr



Donald Baskin



Harriet Baleman



Leo F. Beck



Forrest Bennett



Marjorie Ann Beverly



Marion Bishop



James Blake



Ezra Blount



Robert Boesinger



Irvin Boles



Marjorie Bollinger



Charles City Bolte



Norman L. Boren



Frances Boston



Thomas A. Bowen



Paul J. Bretz



Irma L. Bright



Georgianna Brown



Helen Brunson



Marion Bryan



Beatrice Dugan



Irene Durks



Pauline Burnett



George Dunell



George Bulcher



Thelma Caldwell



Lillian Chapman



Lawrence Chandler



Corlaid Carington



Crystal A. Clark



Milford Clark



David Cleage



Melvin Clements



Iris Clift



Frances Conington



Mary Elizabeth Cordes



Harold Cook



Margaret Cox



Thomas Leonard Cox



Roy Craig



Esther Cresser



Robert Curry



Mildred Cutright



Rosemary Cullen



Lena Davis



John Derbyshire



Morris Dewitt



Clifford Dillinger



Robert Dittler



Josephine Dodd



Mary Donnelly



Melvin H. Durbecker



Huston Duffy



Harriet M. Duncan



Ivo Du Vall



English Dyer



William Blair Egleson



Raymond Early



Richard Early



Ruth Elmquist



Lenore Melsburg



Wayne Farrow



Katherine Faulkner



Thelma Fenwick



Edna Flanders



Grace Flegger



Gladys Foerste



Earl Fritz



Crawford Furry



John B.Gandolfo



Leslie Everett Gargendanner



Wilbur Lee Glenn



Marjorie Gable



Harold Goldsmith



Howard S. Grauer



Donald Griffith



Doris Griffith



Ruth Irene Hall



Isia Hanna



Frederic Harbottle



Hervey Harper



Mary A. Heaton



Robert Hermoin



Alice Hill



Honnieta Holder



Fred Hopper



Addie Hudson



Kenneth E. Hufford



June Hunt



Lewis Hunt



May Hutsell



Gertrude Hutton



Leanna Hyde



Mary Ireland



Zerelda Jenkins



Walter Johnston



Emmett Jones



Ruth King



Melvin Kinney



Gretchen Kue



Virginia Kliefgen



Charles V. Knight



Edgar Kneebel



Ernest Krieg



Marguerite Kuhn



Lois Lacy



Omar Lambert



David H. Lockock



Rebecca Leonard



Lum Fox Lewis



Violet Lively



William F. Lueth



Clementine Delores Lyckh



LeRoy McClary



Stanley McCutchen



Mae McDaniel



Beatrice McDowell



Dalton McKnight



Vernon McNabb



Gladys McNally



George McQuiston



Melvin S. Magidson



Byron Major



Carl Mangus



Victor Maier



Ray Martz



Jeanette Mason



Robert Maxwell



Oliver May



Virginia Mayo



Mary Esther Munderhall



Violet Merriman



Henrietta Metz



Donald Mikesell



Clarence Minor



Otto Miller



Raymond Miller



Charles Mills



Mary Katherine Mitchell



Louis Monfort



Clarence E. More



Mary Jane Morris



Helen L. Myers



Hugh Myers



Faye Neikirk



Howard M. Nelson



Elmer Nichols



Sarah K. Noonan



Juanita Norwalt



Elsie C. Null



Catherine O'Neil



Clemens O. Olsen



Harold Orner



Ruth M. Owen



Charles Pahud, Jr.



Helene Pangborn



Ruth E. Patterson



Sam Pattison



Lincoln Pennak



Ralph Percival



Harold Peters



James Petty



Maria Katherine Pillinger



Vern W. Porter



Dummeraus Elzara Pulliam



Ethel Lorraine Pyles



Donald Ray



Mary Louise Rhoades



Herron Riddle



Major Riddle



Frederick Roberts



Eleanor Jane Robertson



Hester Robins



Lucille Robinson



Byron Rodornel



John Rodenberger



Aileen Ross



Virgil Rowley



Eura Sargent



Alina Schaefer



Dorothy Schooley



William Schooley



Donald Scott



Frances Servoss



James Kenneth Setty



Ruby Edna Shaw



Ruth Vivian Sharb



Dorothy Shewalter



Robert Shreve



John Shugert



Wynne Shumaker



Wallace S. Sims



Boyce Small



Clarence Skopshire



Lawrence Smith



R. Frances Smith



Esther Snoke



Catherine Snyder



Dorothy Spangler



Helen Louise Spencer



Mary E. Stow



Virginia Swain



Virginia Swartz



Marian H. Terry



Mary Frances Thomas



George E. Tomlinson



Donald Trimble



Paul VanSickle



Jack Vestal



Marie Wadsworth



Winifred Irene Warner



Dorothy Weidman



Lucile Whitaker



Nellie A. White



Edgar P. Williams



Lucille Williams



Elmer Wilson



Sheila Jean Wilson



Sherman Wilson



Armstead Winchester



Ruth Worrell



Marcille Workman



Shelburn Elmo Why



Theodore Beck



Carl Brinkman



Louis Mikesell



Harry Richardson



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PHS Director

THE MAGICIAN'S WAND

(Class Day Exercises)

PROLOGUE: Let me wave a magician's wand and carry you from the Indianapolis of 1927 to the Greater Indianapolis of 1947.

In this future city no more smoke complexes will exist; the city will be, at last, spotless and free from soot. Traffic problems will have become lessened, the remedy having been supplied by the invention of air wings and individual planes. City government will have become more democratic, the city manager taking the place of the mayor and three board members replacing the city council.

We, too, as old Tech students, shall have helped in no small way to establish the security of a Greater Indianapolis.

We present this sketch in an effort to picture to you the possible heights of success to which we may in later years attain.

ACT I—Scene I

Time—1947. Place—City Manager's Office, outer and inner. Characters—City Manager, Board Members (three), Stenographer, Office Boy, Two Citizenesses, a Chinaman, and a Messenger Boy.

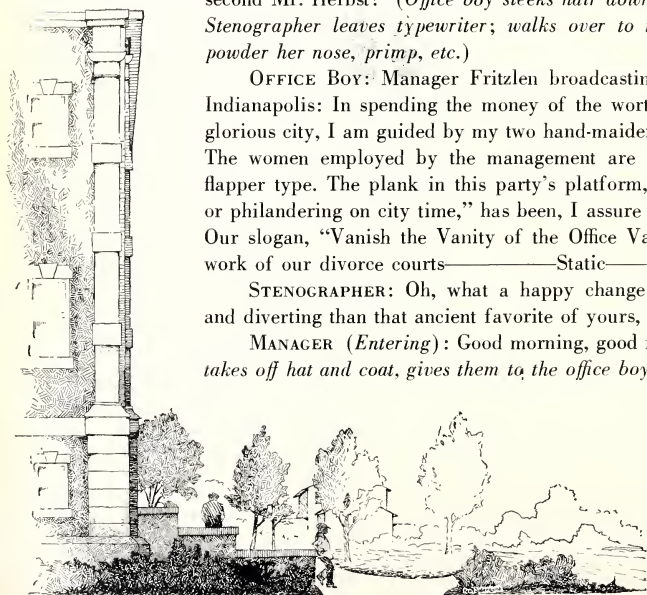
(Curtain rises disclosing stenographer seated, typing and chewing gum. Office boy whistles as he shoots paper-wads at the young lady. Stenographer turns and gives the office boy a withering glance.)

STENOGRAPHER: Say, whadda ya' think yer doin'? Doublin' fer the second Mr. Herbst? (Office boy sleeks hair down and gazes at the ceiling. Stenographer leaves typewriter; walks over to the file case, stopping to powder her nose, primp, etc.)

OFFICE BOY: Manager Fritzlen broadcasting from Station JAN '27 Indianapolis: In spending the money of the worthy taxpayers of this, our glorious city, I am guided by my two hand-maidens, Caution and Economy. The women employed by the management are of the conservative, anti-flapper type. The plank in this party's platform, "no preening, primping, or philandering on city time," has been, I assure you, stringently enforced. Our slogan, "Vanish the Vanity of the Office Vamp," has diminished the work of our divorce courts—Static—

STENOGRAPHER: Oh, what a happy change! Much more interesting and diverting than that ancient favorite of yours, "I love me."

MANAGER (Entering): Good morning, good morning. (Walks to desk, takes off hat and coat, gives them to the office boy, and looks over papers.)



FIRST BOARD MEMBER (*Entering*): Good morning, Manager. How are you? (*Takes off coat and seats himself at his desk.*)

MANAGER: Here is the nineteenth complaint from Zerelda Jenkins. The five o'clock subway rush has damaged another candy case; of course the city fathers are to blame for that.

SECOND BOARD MEMBER (*Entering*): How is our fair city today?

MANAGER: Don Scott of the traffic squad complains of the insubordination of Blair Eagleston, Lincoln Pennak, Ernest Krieg, Donald Mikesell, Ezra Blount, and Louis Monfort of the Mounted Police.

THIRD BOARD MEMBER (*Entering*): Top o' the morning to you. (*Twirls hat to the hat rack where it lands neatly.*) Saw posters for the coming event as I walked down: Virginia Mayo's and Frances Servoss's Dog and Pony Show.

ALL: Great! We can't afford to miss that.

MANAGER: Well, fellow workers, what business have we before us today? (*Loud noise is heard in the outer office, where Chinaman is seen struggling with the office boy who is attempting to prevent his entrance to private office.*)

STENOGRAPHER (*Sticking head through the door and exclaiming breathlessly*): How terrible, terrible; help him, do!

(*As the manager and the men rush to the door, a bedraggled Chinaman bursts into the inner office, jibbering unintelligibly. Office boy appears, still belligerent though somewhat damaged.*)

MANAGER: Well, well, what's all this?

CHINAMAN: He velly smartee! Try to keepee me outee. I comee in. (*Pounds desk with fist.*) I no likee! I pay taxee!

FIRST BOARD MEMBER: My good man, no one wishes to keep you out, I'm sure; but what is your business here? (*With nod of head he directs office boy and stenographer to return to their duties.*)

CHINAMAN (*Pacing room excitedly*): Me shopee, he go outee (*gesticulating earnestly.*) No people comee, I go homee to Chinee!

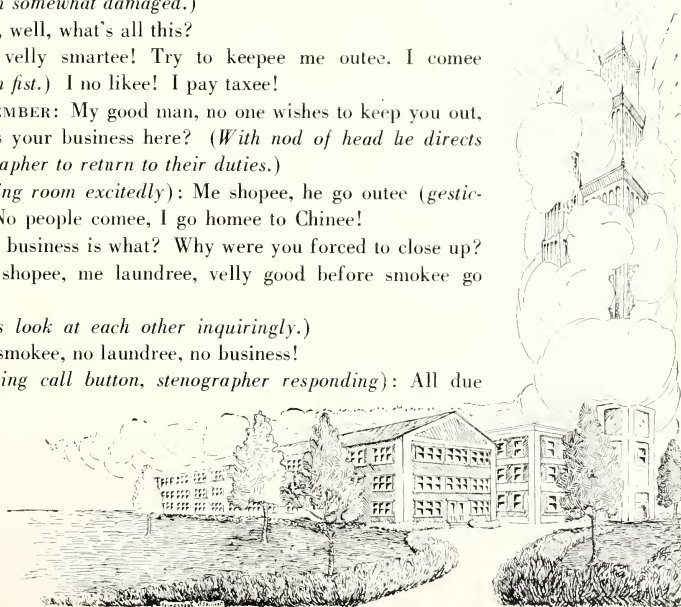
MANAGER: Your business is what? Why were you forced to close up?

CHINAMAN: Me shopee, me laundree, velly good before smokee go outee!

(*Board members look at each other inquiringly.*)

CHINAMAN: No smokee, no laundree, no business!

MANAGER (*Pushing call button, stenographer responding*): All due



to the Giezendanner smoke ordinance forcing all industries of a certain class to use Early and Ealy smoke consumers! Miss Shaw—Complaints of citizens versus Early and Ealy, please.

CHINAMAN: Yes, yes, I go homee, no workee, no chop suey—

THIRD BOARD MEMBER: Miss Shaw, please (*taking complaints from the basket and reading the names on the folders.*) As you say—Doris Griffith, linen laundry expert; Rodenbarger and Winchester Cleansers; Setty and Petty Steam Purifiers; Pulliam and Pellegrin Oriental Rug Cleaners.

CHINAMAN: No usee, no usee. (*He jerks out knife; men quail visibly. Then he walks over, jerks open door, and seizes office boy who is caught eavesdropping, and cuts off lock of hair. Office boy shrieks and runs off stage. Stenographer drops into a chair in a faint. Manager goes to girl and attempts to revive her, when all are embarrassed to find that two aggressive women, examples of the emancipating effect of suffrage, are entering. Upon seeing the grim and critical women, the city father appear as ill at ease as small boys at a first party.*)

FIRST CITIZENESS: And so the office vamp is no more. Hump! And this is the City Manager's private office! (*Office boy sneaks out, and stenographer revives.*)

(*Manager and Board Members struggle with clothing while endeavoring to greet the visitors with adequate dignity.*)

MANAGER: I trust you will excuse us, ladies, but we have been concerned with *international* affairs, and just managed to avert a tragedy.

FIRST BOARD MEMBER: Will you have chairs, ladies? (*Ladies primly seat themselves.*)

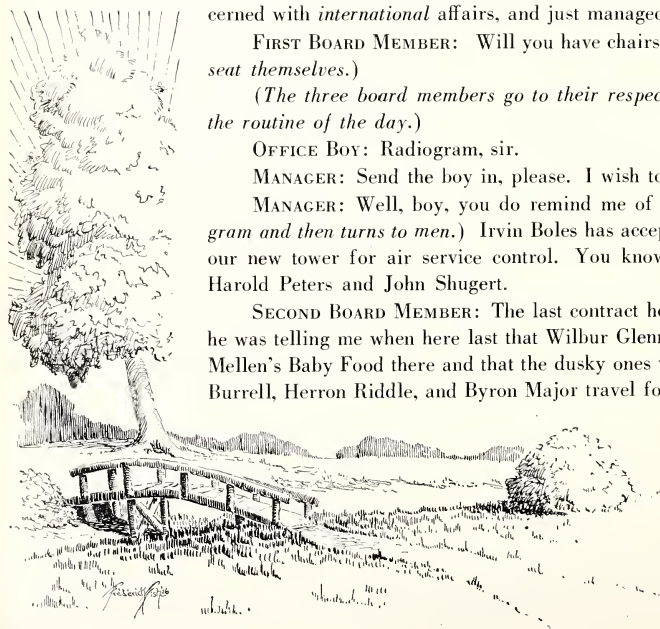
(*The three board members go to their respective places and continue the routine of the day.*)

OFFICE BOY: Radiogram, sir.

MANAGER: Send the boy in, please. I wish to reply. (*Boy enters.*)

MANAGER: Well, boy, you do remind me of some one. (*Opens telegram and then turns to men.*) Irvin Boles has accepted the contract to build our new tower for air service control. You know, he has in his employ Harold Peters and John Shugert.

SECOND BOARD MEMBER: The last contract he had was in Africa, and he was telling me when here last that Wilbur Glenn had a huge factory for Mellen's Baby Food there and that the dusky ones were keen for it. George Burrell, Herron Riddle, and Byron Major travel for him. He says that Tom



Worthington has complete charge of their troops and the military system is up to Major Schroeder standards.

MANAGER (*Giving completed radiogram to boy*): Why, I have it. You look like a classmate of mine. Are you related to Mr. Dillinger?

MESSENGER: My old man, your honor, (*bowing profoundly as he leaves.*)

FIRST CITIZENESS: Such impudence. (*As the door opens to permit the exit of messenger, she detects pantomime of office boy who is mimicking the two ladies.*) It seems to me that the city might afford A-1 employees considering the taxes collected.

SECOND CITIZENESS (*Leans forward and shakes manuscript of complaint before the eyes of the manager*): Well, sir, you are paid to control this city; what do you say? Open! Read!

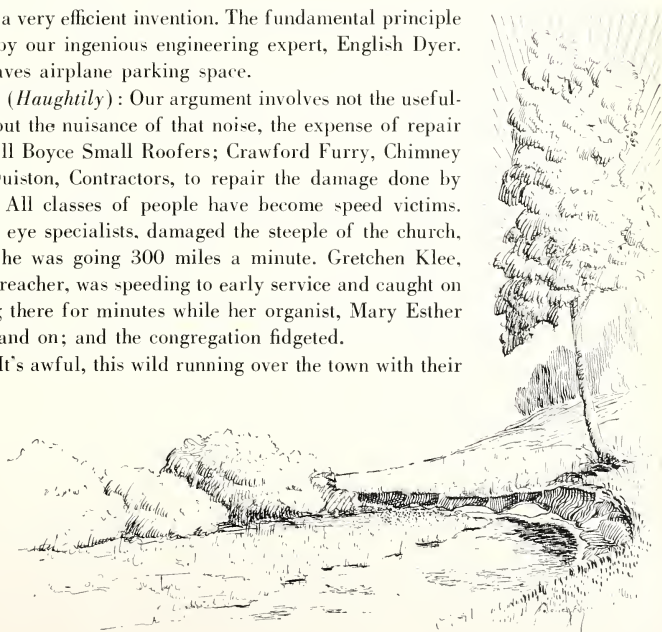
MANAGER: But—my dear Madam—what——

FIRST CITIZENESS: Dear lady, control yourself, do! (*Turns to manager.*) We have come to you as delegates from the "Keep a Roof O'er Your Head League." We are also eminent members of the "Back to the Hairpin Sisters," "Down with the Skirts Society," and others. Our complaint concerns the disturbing noise made by those dreadful air wings. The quiet, peace, and harmony of our fireside soirees have been shattered. How can one keep a roof over her head, a chimney on the house, a pane of glass in a window, when——. There, hear that? Isn't it terrible?

MANAGER: But it's a very efficient invention. The fundamental principle was given to the world by our ingenious engineering expert, English Dyer. Collapsible, therefore saves airplane parking space.

SECOND CITIZENESS (*Haughtily*): Our argument involves not the usefulness of the contraption but the nuisance of that noise, the expense of repair when one is forced to call Boyce Small Roofers; Crawford Furry, Chimney Expert; Jones and McQuiston, Contractors, to repair the damage done by the inexperienced flyer. All classes of people have become speed victims. Dr. Laycock, one of our eye specialists, damaged the steeple of the church, and it was proved that he was going 300 miles a minute. Gretchen Klee, the well known woman preacher, was speeding to early service and caught on the Monument and hung there for minutes while her organist, Mary Esther Mendenhall, played on and on; and the congregation fidgeted.

FIRST CITIZENESS: It's awful, this wild running over the town with their differentials open.





FIRST MEMBER (*Puzzled*): Madam, Madam, may I ask—differentials open, did you say?

FIRST CITIZENESS: Certainly, differentials!

FIRST MEMBER: But, my good woman, do you know what a differential is?

FIRST CITIZENESS: Absolutely! I operate a Maytag.

SECOND CITIZENESS: Do you? Why, I find that the Hutsell and Hutton is so superior. Do ask for a demonstration. Donald Trimble demonstrates them, you know; and if you will let him talk on about the football games of '26, he will do the whole wash before he gets through. Fine scheme.

MANAGER: May I suggest that we turn to the matter in hand?

LADIES (*Frigidly*): As you wish.

MANAGER: Men, let us acquaint these ladies with the advantages of individual air wings. Mr. Johnston, please demonstrate your new model of the Nelson One-Wing type.

THIRD MEMBER: I'll be happy to show you my new advanced 1948 model of Boesinger Butterfly since it uses several very clever changes.

FIRST MEMBER: If you are thrifty, you will be interested in the model put out by Edsell Ford. Like his father's first model, it is hard to beat.

(*Board members bring in large wings.*)

SECOND MEMBER (*Proceeding to demonstrate*): Now, this carburetor has a Boesinger Butterfly feeder.

FIRST CITIZENESS: A butterfly; really, do they use those poor harmless creatures in this regalia?

SECOND MEMBER: Madam, a Boesinger Butterfly feeder controls the carburetor.

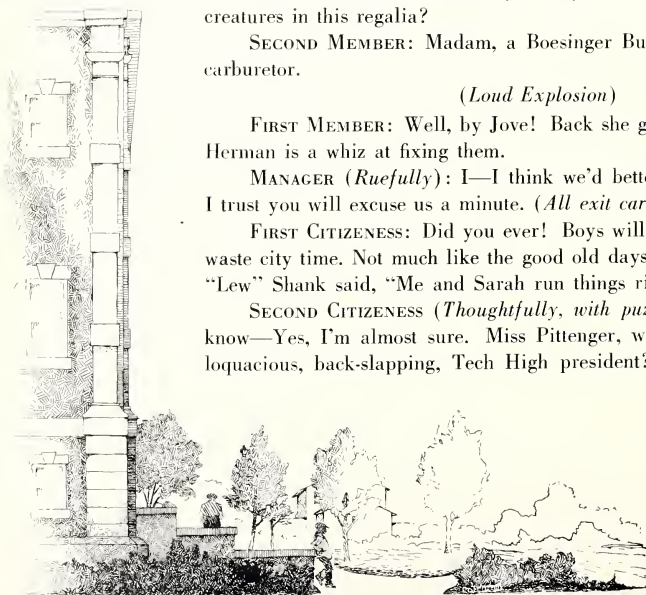
(*Loud Explosion*)

FIRST MEMBER: Well, by Jove! Back she goes to the garage. Robert Herman is a whiz at fixing them.

MANAGER (*Ruefully*): I—I think we'd better clean up a bit. Ladies, I trust you will excuse us a minute. (*All exit carrying debris.*)

FIRST CITIZENESS: Did you ever! Boys will be boys and officials will waste city time. Not much like the good old days my mother tells of when "Lew" Shank said, "Me and Sarah run things right."

SECOND CITIZENESS (*Thoughtfully, with puzzled frown*): Do—you—know—Yes, I'm almost sure. Miss Pittenger, what was the name of our loquacious, back-slapping, Tech High president?



FIRST CITIZENESS: They called him "Buzz," no, no, "Bus."

SECOND CITIZENESS: That's it; Fritzlen! Let me see—Harold Fritzlen, our city manager, must be he. You see, he came to this position from Herrin, Illinois, where he has spent years studying pure and uncorrupted politics.

FIRST CITIZENESS: The other two remind me of boys I knew years ago: Walter Johnston and Armstead Winchester.

(Men re-enter.)

FIRST CITIZENESS: Mr. Fritzlen, do you recognize us? We certainly recognize you!

MANAGER: Well, let me see. Indeed I do. The Martha Pittenger of '27, still active in matters of reform. You surely remember my friends here: Mr. Dorbecker, Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Winchester.

SECOND CITIZENESS: And this interested person is Louise Arford.

MANAGER: Ladies, you're both as snappy looking as ever! (*General hand-shaking*)

THIRD MEMBER: I wonder what happened to the rest of the gang of '27.

SECOND CITIZENESS: Of course you know that Arthur Anderson is famous for his interpretation of Ibsen roles. He has in his company Ralph Banta, Huston Duffy, and Ralph Percival.

MANAGER: At the City Managers' convention at Miami last September I saw several Techites. Leo Beck is manager of the first theatre in New Orleans. He tells me that Forrest Bennett teaches theology there. Catherine Snyder is a city policewoman. Jack Vestal, Byron Rodarmel, Thelma Fenwick, and Trula Arford played the town while I was there. They are with Paul Atwood's "Red Head Follies."

SECOND CITIZENESS: The Brown County artists are exhibiting abroad this season. Among those who have achieved distinction are Irma Bright, Andrew Moats, Mary Stow, and Charles Mills.

MANAGER: I have an idea. Can't we put on a January '27 Get-Together banquet? Write to all the old classmates and try to induce them to attend our reunion?

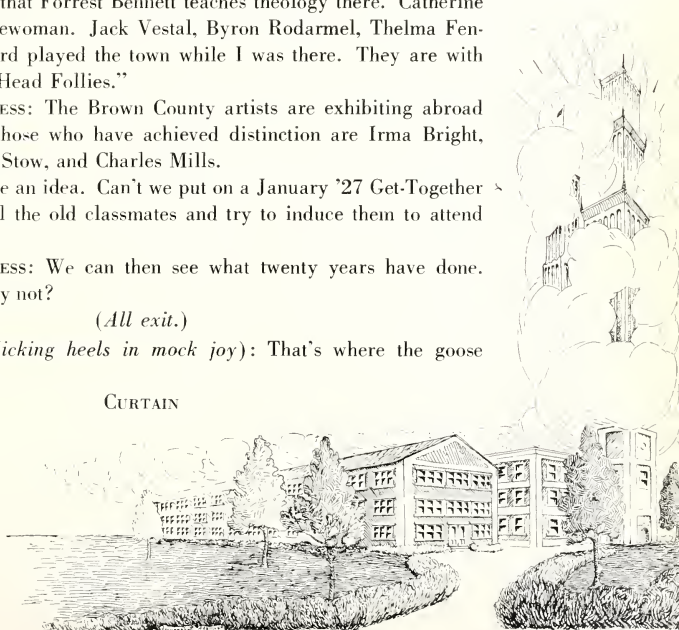
SECOND CITIZENESS: We can then see what twenty years have done.

MEN: Good. Why not?

(All exit.)

OFFICE BOY (*Kicking heels in mock joy*): That's where the goose will fly high.

CURTAIN





ACT II

Time—One week later. Place—Banquet room. Characters—Guests, old Techites now risen to fame.

(Curtain rises, disclosing banquet room with guests seated at table.)

MANAGER: I am sure that this reunion reminds us of our school days spent in Tech, hours and minutes that were chock-full of joy and happiness. Back in those days, when we valiantly struggled to preserve and even raise Tech's standards, we were acquiring, all unconsciously, the habits which have carried us to our present status.

Technical High School is now proud of John Gandolfo, the dreamer of '27; Roy Craig, the present-day Benjamin Franklin; Kenneth Barngrover, the 1947 Pierpont Morgan; Charles, who swam the English channel in eight hours using the Pahud paddle, and Wayne Schumaker, the greater Houdini.

We are fortunate this evening in having Mr. DeSautelle and his orchestra with us. They are completing a tour around the world, but on receipt of our invitation Mr. DeSautelle cancelled his engagement at Don Ray's magnificent theatre at Cleveland, and brought his orchestra here by airplane today. Mr. DeSautelle!

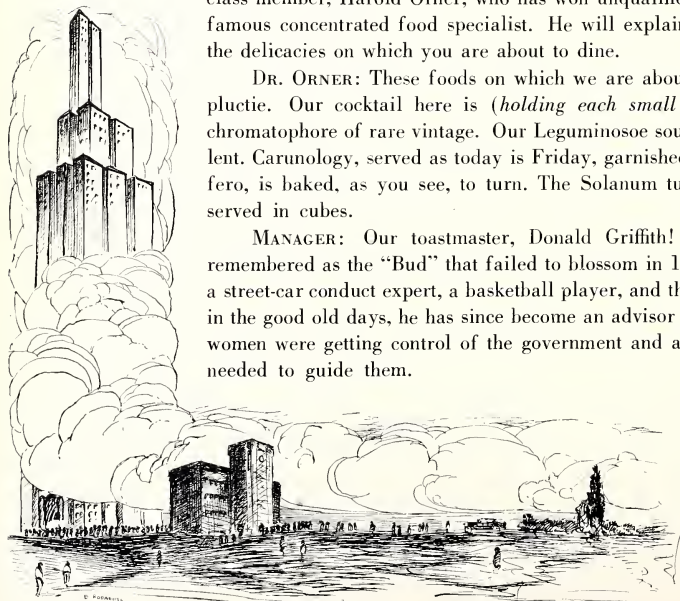
MR. DESAUTELLE: Upon receiving Manager Fritzlen's radiogram, I felt an irresistable desire to be with you, old Tech friends and classmates.

(Orchestra plays)

MANAGER: I now take great pleasure in introducing to you an old class member, Harold Orner, who has won unqualified fame as the world's famous concentrated food specialist. He will explain to you the merits of the delicacies on which you are about to dine.

DR. ORNER: These foods on which we are about to dine are allurone plucie. Our cocktail here is *(holding each small pill up as called)* a chromatophore of rare vintage. Our Leguminosoe soup, condensed, is excellent. Carunology, served as today is Friday, garnished with tender Umbellifero, is baked, as you see, to turn. The Solanum tuberoses, creamed, are served in cubes.

MANAGER: Our toastmaster, Donald Griffith! Mr. Griffith will be remembered as the "Bud" that failed to blossom in 1927. Although he was a street-car conduct expert, a basketball player, and the King of Traffic Cops in the good old days, he has since become an advisor to New Zealand where women were getting control of the government and a strong firm hand was needed to guide them.



MR. GRIFFITH: Manager Fritzlen, I thank you. Let's hope this blossom has not gone to seed! Why not sing the old pep songs that rang so gayly in 173 and 139 in the good old days? Musical Director, will you play the old melodies? Won't you all join me in singing our old pep songs?

(All guests sing songs.)

TOASTMASTER: Miss Mary Elizabeth Cordes, who has just had published the tenth edition of her book of verse, will read her first poem, written in her early youth; in fact, it won the honor of being the class poem of '27. Miss Cordes.

MISS CORDES: Mr. Toastmaster, I am indeed delighted to read this early attempt.

(Reads poem.)

TOASTMASTER: A quartette which assaulted the ears of the loyal 139'ers, which caused music-lovers to cling to the sturdy oaks of our glorious campus and weep real tears in the interest of art, will reproduce those unharmonious, untuneful, and now rusty songs. Our now musically world-famed quartette: Mr. Bolte, Mr. Harper, Mr. Knight, and myself.

(Songs by Quartette)

TOASTMASTER: Fellow alumni of Tech, a further reminder of Tech will come from America's greatest historian, Eleanor Durbin, who has written a "History of Aviation and Ramifications of the Radio." Miss Durbin.

HISTORIAN: I have prepared for you, the dear friends of my school days, a copy of my first work, "History of the January Class of 1927." I have autographed each copy with the hope that the happy days in dear old Tech might be brought to your memory. *(Ushers pass copies.)*

TOASTMASTER: As a feature of the musical program I wish to present De Sautelle's orchestra. Mr. De Sautelle, the Paul Whiteman of this generation, stands supreme in the musical limelight. He will introduce members of his orchestra whom you may remember. Mr. De Sautelle.

(Orchestra selections)

TOASTMASTER: Miss Hanna from the Russian Ballet, who has danced before the crowned heads of Europe and the uncrowned head of America, will now present a specialty dance number. She is representing her company, all of whom were unable to be here tonight. A number of Techites form her company: Cortland Carrington, George Burrell, Mary Stow, George Tomlinson, and Grace Fleeger.

(Concluded on page 41)





ACT I
THE SENIOR
PLAY



THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH

"Wanting and getting mean the same thing in this house. Oh, their goose hangs high!" With these words dear little Granny expressed only too well the conditions prevailing in the Ingals household.

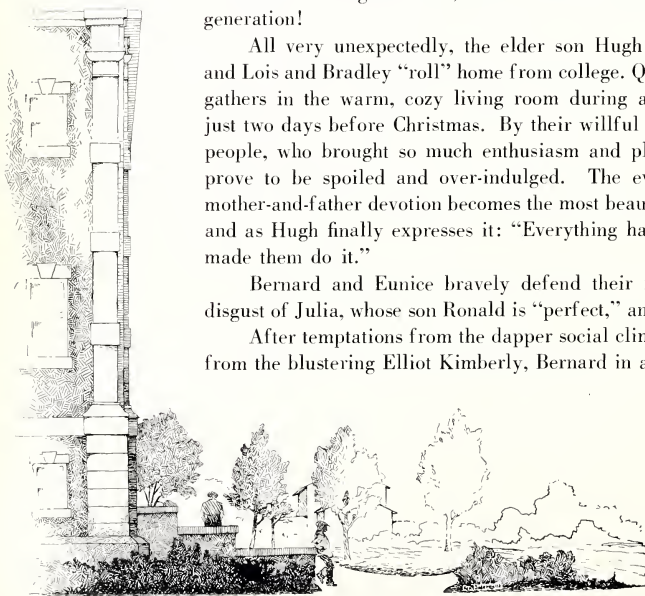
Christmas! A time of gladness—the joyousness of giving—that exultant feeling of making others happy—that traditional, wonderful sentimentality—those age-old customs and everlasting expressions of gratitude. Such is Christmas. Yet something is lacking on the part of Lois, Brad, and Hugh—that elusive something verifying Granny's utterance. It is due to the thoughtlessness, the unconscious selfishness of the younger generation!

All very unexpectedly, the elder son Hugh returns from New York, and Lois and Bradley "roll" home from college. Quite a merry, happy group gathers in the warm, cozy living room during an exhilarating snowstorm just two days before Christmas. By their willful independence these young people, who brought so much enthusiasm and pleasure with their arrival, prove to be spoiled and over-indulged. The ever-apparent and undying mother-and-father devotion becomes the most beautiful thought in the theme; and as Hugh finally expresses it: "Everything has gone to us. It was love made them do it."

Bernard and Eunice bravely defend their rebellious children to the disgust of Julia, whose son Ronald is "perfect," and to the horror of Granny.

After temptations from the dapper social climber, Leo Day, and insults from the blustering Elliot Kimberly, Bernard in a moment of anger resigns

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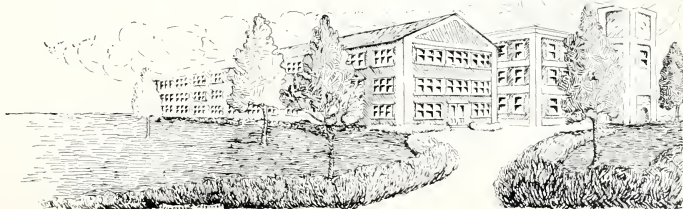


THE
INGALS
FAMILY

his position upon which depends the livelihood of the expensive sons and daughter. With the realization of this act comes the awakening of those once unconcerned children. Lovely Dagmar Carroll, Hugh's sweetheart, inspires in the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ingals a loyalty, love, and understanding hitherto unknown to him. When the great call comes, those independent children rally with flying colors to prove their worth, and they assist their father in realizing his lifelong ambition to be a horticulturist.

On Friday evening, December seventeenth, at the Murat theatre, during the presentation of "The Goose Hangs High," Tech students experienced the joys, the sorrows, the pathos, and the beautifully symbolic love with:

| | |
|------------------------|------------------|
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THE ARSENAL CANNON



SOME
GATHERERS
OF NEWS



THE ARSENAL CANNON

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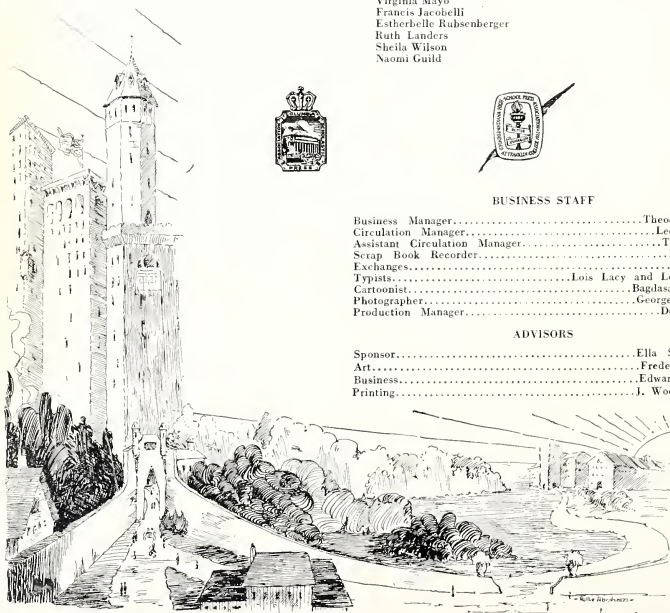
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« PAGE TWENTY-FOUR »





MORE
GATHERERS
OF NEWS

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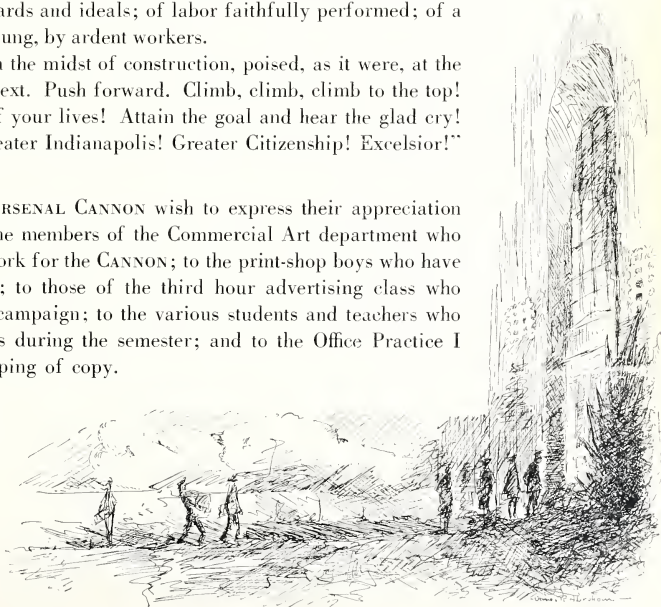
For some, the task of building a ladder has just begun; for the seniors, the fourth rung will be completed as the close of four glorious years draws nigh. They are about to bid farewell to their alma mater; to set forth into a world unknown to them. They are filled with the joys of anticipation, the lure of a three-fold goal—Greater Tech, Greater Indianapolis, and Greater Citizenship.

The accomplishment of this aspiration shall come as the culmination of adherence to Tech standards and ideals; of labor faithfully performed; of a ladder built, rung upon rung, by ardent workers.

You, seniors, are in the midst of construction, poised, as it were, at the fourth step. Carve the next. Push forward. Climb, climb, climb to the top! You are the architects of your lives! Attain the goal and hear the glad cry!

“Greater Tech! Greater Indianapolis! Greater Citizenship! Excelsior!”

The staffs of the ARSENAL CANNON wish to express their appreciation for the cooperation of the members of the Commercial Art department who have furnished the art work for the CANNON; to the print-shop boys who have printed this publication; to those of the third hour advertising class who carried on the CANNON campaign; to the various students and teachers who have contributed articles during the semester; and to the Office Practice I class which has done typing of copy.





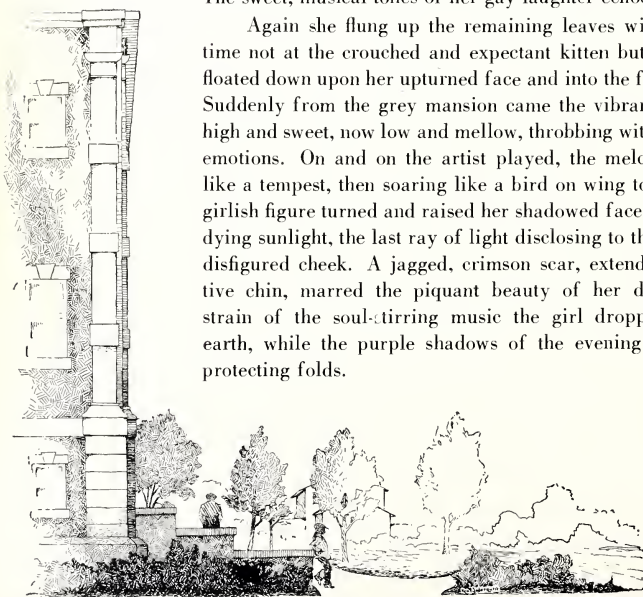
A SKETCH

The wintry sunshine of the drear autumnal day pierced the leaden sky in fitful gleams. The sharp winds howled through the branches of gaunt trees that spread bare, twisted arms over the sodden grass. All nature seemed waiting for the first fall of winter's snow which would hide the deadness and decay under a pall of sparkling white, beneath which a promise of fresh life to come might gently stir and eventually bring forth spring and happiness. All about, an air of deepest gloom and solitude pervaded, as if an impending doom lurked in the very shadows of the coming nightfall.

Up and down the terrace of the huge, forbidding stone mansion, looming like a blur against the greyness of the day, paced a figure. In silent contemplation he traced and retraced his footsteps. Perhaps he was noting the fluttering swish of the dead leaves as they dropped, the steel grey of the lake beyond, the empty and deserted flower garden; or was it the girlish figure pictured against the beeches in the late fall setting? She was a slender, shapely thing, a graceful, elfin creature, as she poised, one hand opened, coaxing a tiny Maltese kitten, perched on the limbs of the white ghost-like birches. Head thrown back, vivid lips parted, she laughed low to herself as the pet drew back, spitting playfully at his mistress. Stooping quickly, she gathered a handful of dry, crisp leaves, painted with nature's brightest hues, and tossed them up at the watchful kitten. Brown, orange, and red flecks drifted back like little butterflies and lodged on the fur cap covering her black hair. The sweet, musical tones of her gay laughter echoed under the leafy shower.

Again she flung up the remaining leaves with elf-like daintiness, this time not at the crouched and expectant kitten but so that the whole shower floated down upon her upturned face and into the folds of her heavy fur coat. Suddenly from the grey mansion came the vibrant strains of a violin, now high and sweet, now low and mellow, throbbing with the passion of restrained emotions. On and on the artist played, the melody fleeting, now crashing like a tempest, then soaring like a bird on wing to heavenward heights. The girlish figure turned and raised her shadowed face to the golden shafts of the dying sunlight, the last ray of light disclosing to the silent observer a cruelly disfigured cheek. A jagged, crimson scar, extending from temple to sensitive chin, marred the piquant beauty of her delicate face. At the last strain of the soul-stirring music the girl dropped sobbing to the damp earth, while the purple shadows of the evening enveloped her within its protecting folds.

LEONE MOORE



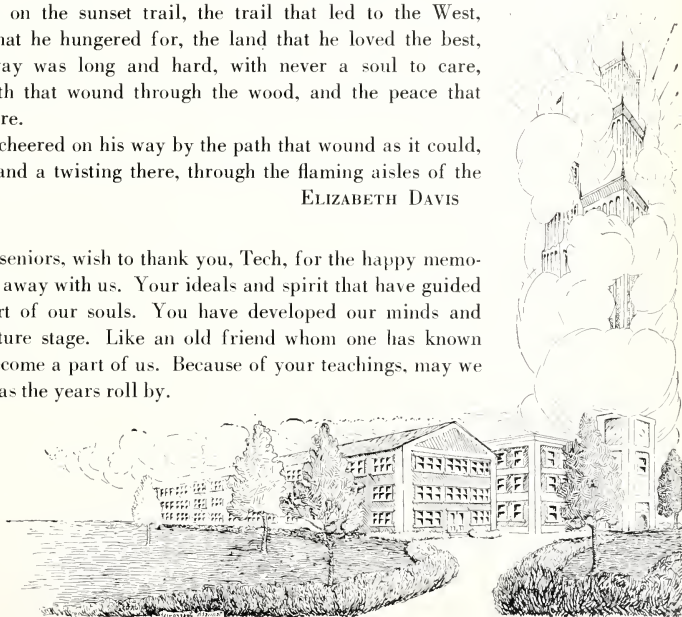
THE WOODLAND PATH

Oh, the little brown path, the tiny brown path, the path that led through
 the wood,
 Was flecked with the sunbeams that danced through the leaves, as only
 the sunbeams could,
 And the leaves themselves as they floated down were bright with the hues
 of fall,
 As they covered the earth, the dark, moist earth, in answer to Winter's
 call;
 But they could not hide the bare little path, the beckoning path, that crooked
 as all ways should
 When they're little brown paths that wind away through the Autumn aisles
 of a wood.

And then when sunset was tinting the sky, and the clouds were like silvered
 foam,
 There followed the path a weary lad, a lad who was far from home;
 But his heart was as brave and stout as the oak, the oak by the turn in
 the trail,
 And he turned not back, but faced ahead, for he knew that he could not fail.
 "I'll on to the land of my dreams," said he, "that is many a mile away,
 And follow this path, this twisting path, that leads to the dying day."
 So he traveled ahead on the sunset trail, the trail that led to the West,
 Where lay the land that he hungered for, the land that he loved the best,
 And oft, when the way was long and hard, with never a soul to care,
 He thought of the path that wound through the wood, and the peace that
 had lingered there.
 Thus many a one was cheered on his way by the path that wound as it could,
 With a looping here, and a twisting there, through the flaming aisles of the
 wood.

ELIZABETH DAVIS

We, the January seniors, wish to thank you, Tech, for the happy memories that we are taking away with us. Your ideals and spirit that have guided us have become a part of our souls. You have developed our minds and morals to a more mature stage. Like an old friend whom one has known for years, you have become a part of us. Because of your teachings, may we continue to grow finer as the years roll by.





THE DESERTED HOUSE

Abandoned and neglected, on the corner of a once fashionable street it stands,

Sole surviving landmark of a bygone day.

Undisturbed by the noise and hum of industry, untouched by dingy rooming houses, shops,

It stands aloof, belonging to another time and day.

I pass it in the gathering dusk of a late fall evening,

Gazing at it as I have hundreds of times before—

A huge, square brick building, with a flight of steps leading to the porchless entry,

Not a house but a home—meant to be dedicated to shelter and happiness, and the laughter of children.

But it stands alone, unfriendly and friendless, ghastly and bare in the chill, biting wind of twilight,

Seeking to guard with its pitiful, broken windows its secrets,

While the merciless wind and dust from the streets rush through the rooms,

Shaking bits of loose plaster from the damp, moldy walls.

"1850" is chiseled above the door.

Seventy-six years ago, Indianapolis in 1850,

No street cars, automobiles, no paved streets,

Only horse cars, stage coaches, unbroken sky lines—

In those days of crinoline and candlelight.

In 1850 the house stood proudly alone,

"One of the show places of the city,"

Built by the son of a banker for his bride.

With white curtains at the spotless windows,

The brass door knob polished, the steps scrubbed with soap and water,

It stood ready to welcome its master and mistress.

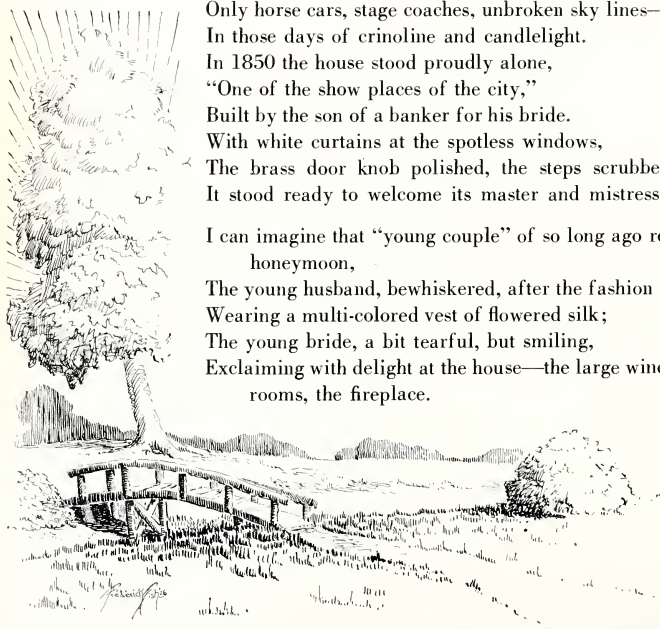
I can imagine that "young couple" of so long ago returning from their honeymoon,

The young husband, bewhiskered, after the fashion of the day,

Wearing a multi-colored vest of flowered silk;

The young bride, a bit tearful, but smiling,

Exclaiming with delight at the house—the large windows, the spacious rooms, the fireplace.



Days and weeks of happiness,—afternoons when women
 Dressed in crinoline and silk, with huge flowered bonnets,
 Tripped daintily up the steps to take "tea at three."
 Nights when the young husband and wife sat alone before the glowing
 fireplace,
 Tasting the cup of harmony and peace as they gazed into the embers,
 Wondering, daring, perhaps, all that Life and Fate held in store for them.
 Time and change have left their mark upon the old house,
 No longer is it a home, no longer do firelight and candlelight
 Send soft glows over shabby, well-worn furniture.
 No longer do the old walls listen to tales of love and hope, confessions, or
 confidences,
 But it stands apart—drawing me— puzzling me,
 Giving me vague, shadowy, dreamlike conceptions of its past.
 Dear House, so old and derelict that you are almost human,
 Joyless, deserted, unprotected save by memories,
 You remind me of an incredibly old, destitute woman,
 Wrinkled and helpless, battered by life and broken,
 Yet rich in the memory of bygone grandeurs—
 If you could talk, is this the tale you would tell to me? RUTH METCALF

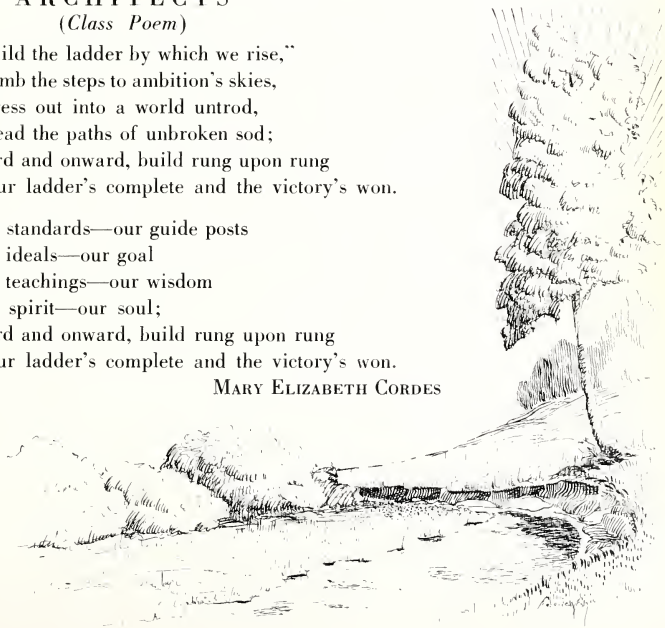
ARCHITECTS

(Class Poem)

"We build the ladder by which we rise,"
 We climb the steps to ambition's skies,
 We press out into a world untrod,
 We tread the paths of unbroken sod;
 Upward and onward, build rung upon rung
 Till our ladder's complete and the victory's won.

Tech's standards—our guide posts
 Tech's ideals—our goal
 Tech's teachings—our wisdom
 Tech's spirit—our soul;
 Upward and onward, build rung upon rung
 Till our ladder's complete and the victory's won.

MARY ELIZABETH CORDES





The ROTC Steps Out



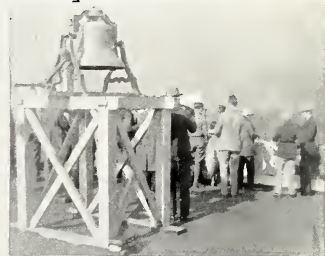
Off The Arsenal Tower



The Straight and Narrow Walk



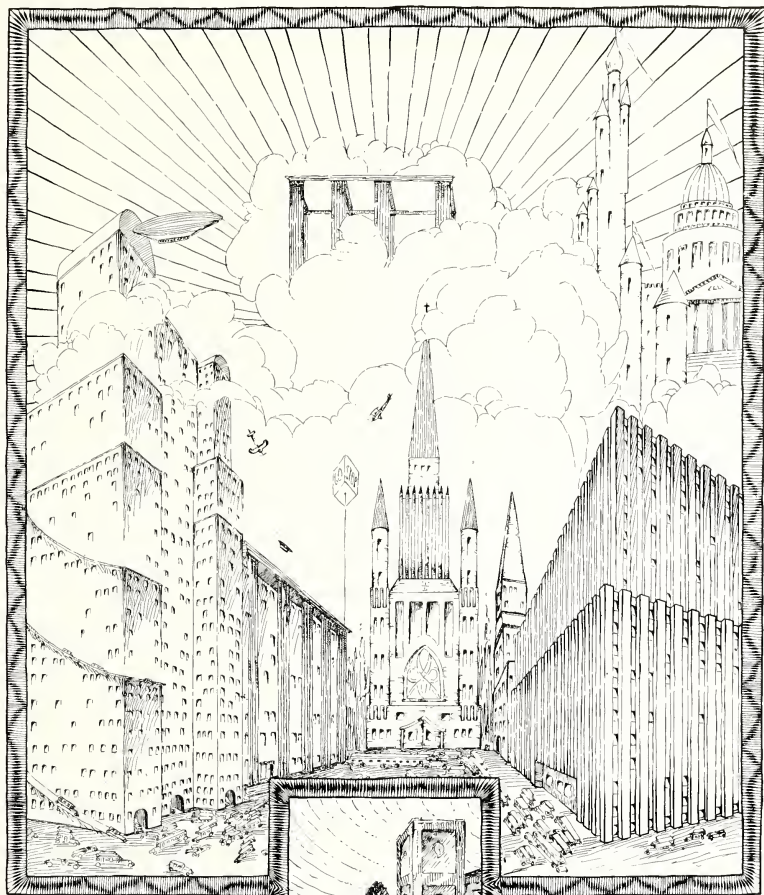
Over The Hill and Through The Woods



Armistice Day



The Camera Hangs High



Ray Martin

Chris Hill

Student



Activities.



MODELS MADE IN DRAWING--VI



FRUIT CAKES. FOODS-I



NATURE STUDY CLUB



BOYS' GLEE CLUB



APPLIED DESIGN, CRAFTWORK



POST GRADS



SPANISH CLUB



CANNON PRINTERS



HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

at Tappan



Chemistry Club



History Club



PHYSICAL TRAINING CLUB



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



CANNON ADVERTISERS



CANNON ARTISTS



CHORAL SOCIETY

BEFORE THE PUBLIC EYE

A special group of the Senior Orchestra displayed its superior qualities when it performed for the students and friends of the school at the January class play, given at the Murat theatre on December seventeenth.

The Senior Orchestra played a charming program at Liberty Hall for the Community Fund campaign on the night of November fourth. It also gave programs on Tech Freshman Night and Tech Athletic Night, held at the Cadle Tabernacle.

No less important is the Junior Orchestra which will form the nucleus of the Senior Orchestra next year. According to Mr. Dillard, the Junior Orchestra is the largest and best of its kind he has ever had.

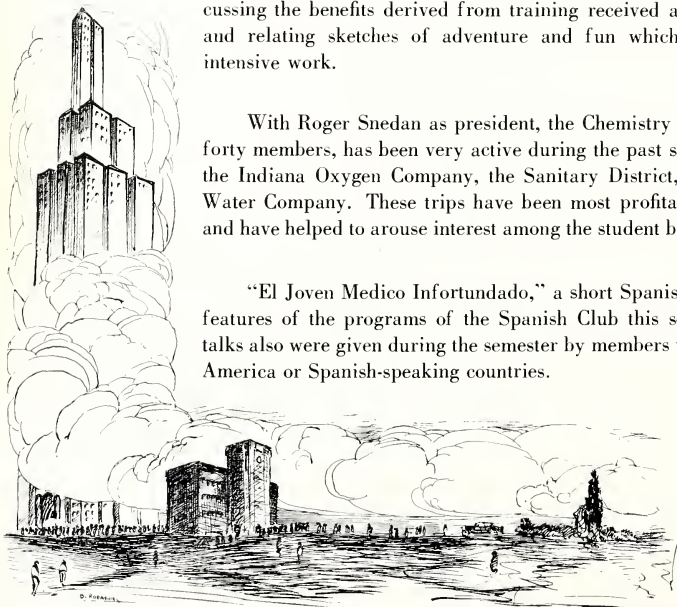
As in other semesters, the Nature Study Club has endeavored this year to increase an interest in nature. Both students and teachers have participated in the programs. One of the interesting topics discussed was the "Life History of Rivers."

Meetings have been held every Wednesday, the ninth period, in Room 147, and hikes have been taken every Saturday.

In observance of Naval day, October twenty-seventh, Tech conducted a fourth hour auditorium in the lunch room. Rear-Admiral Halligan, head of the Naval department in Washington, D.C., addressed the students, discussing the benefits derived from training received at the Naval Academy, and relating sketches of adventure and fun which are linked with the intensive work.

With Roger Snedan as president, the Chemistry Club, averaging about forty members, has been very active during the past semester. It has visited the Indiana Oxygen Company, the Sanitary District, and the Indianapolis Water Company. These trips have been most profitable to the participants and have helped to arouse interest among the student body in civic industries.

"El Joven Medico Infortunado," a short Spanish play, was one of the features of the programs of the Spanish Club this semester. Several brief talks also were given during the semester by members who have visited South America or Spanish-speaking countries.



JANUARY SENIOR PROJECTS

The Project committee of the January '27 seniors has successfully undertaken several worthwhile enterprises.

It has endeavored to raise the scholastic standing of the freshmen by selecting members of the January class to speak to the beginners during a designated roll call period.

In order to clear the fringes of our campus from loafing, a Campus Leave committee has worked diligently, keeping students away from restricted areas.

The project to eliminate all poor conduct from the Main building has been carried on by the Main Building Project committee.

The street car conduct of Tech students has been corrected to some extent by the work of the Project committee.

The Tech Concert Band, composed of thirty-five members, has completed a very successful semester. On Armistice Day, it set a precedent by playing a number of patriotic melodies from the Arsenal tower.

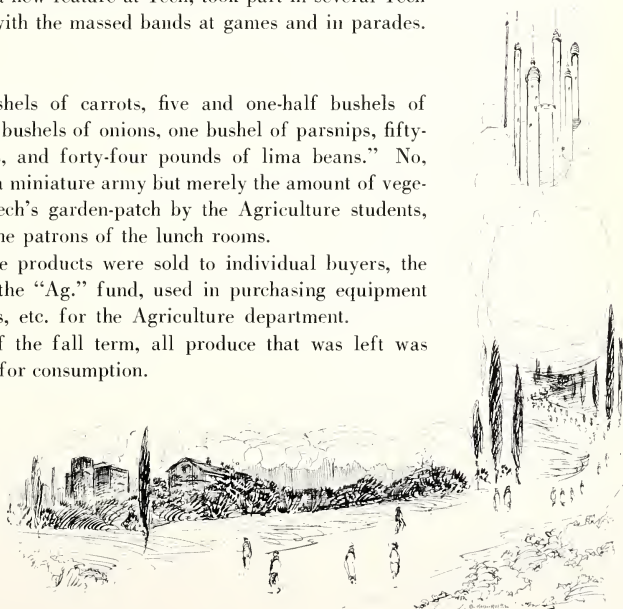
At the football games during the latter part of the season, the combined bands, containing about one hundred and ten instruments, formed the traditional block T before the bleachers. They also participated in several down town parades.

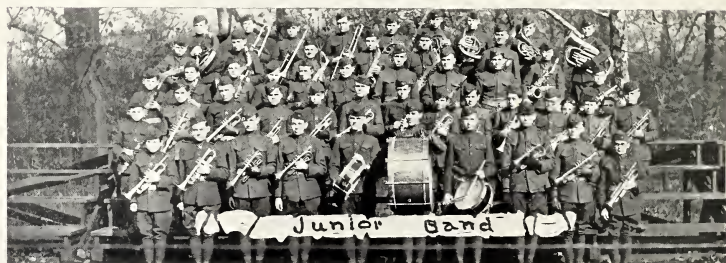
The Saxophone Band, a new feature at Tech, took part in several Tech assemblies. It also played with the massed bands at games and in parades.

"Six and one-half bushels of carrots, five and one-half bushels of tomatoes, four and one-half bushels of onions, one bushel of parsnips, fifty-one pounds of string beans, and forty-four pounds of lima beans." No, these are not the rations for a miniature army but merely the amount of vegetables that was raised in Tech's garden-patch by the Agriculture students, and is being consumed by the patrons of the lunch rooms.

During the summer the products were sold to individual buyers, the proceeds of which went to the "Ag." fund, used in purchasing equipment such as plows, hoes, spades, etc. for the Agriculture department.

After the beginning of the fall term, all produce that was left was turned over to the cafeteria for consumption.









FRESHMAN AUDITORIUM

New Tech students were featured in the first freshman auditorium ever held in the history of our school when the student body with the parents as guests assembled at the Cadle Tabernacle on Friday evening, October fifteenth, to extend a hearty welcome to all Tech freshmen.

"Here at Tech each student has an opportunity to develop his individuality," stated Mr. Stuart when he addressed the student body on the subject of Tech's immediate future.

Harold Fritzlen, president of the January '27 seniors, extended a cordial welcome; and Eleanor Durbin, vice-president, presented the standards and ideals of the school, comparing Tech to a diamond to be shaped and cut by the students. Twenty of the seniors ushered; the Girls' Glee Club and the Senior Orchestra furnished the music.

The Indianapolis Armory dedication in which the Tech cadets participated was the outstanding feature in the school military affairs during the fall semester. As a result of their cooperation in this event, the cadets received a letter of thanks from William H. Kenshaw, adjutant-general of the state of Indiana.

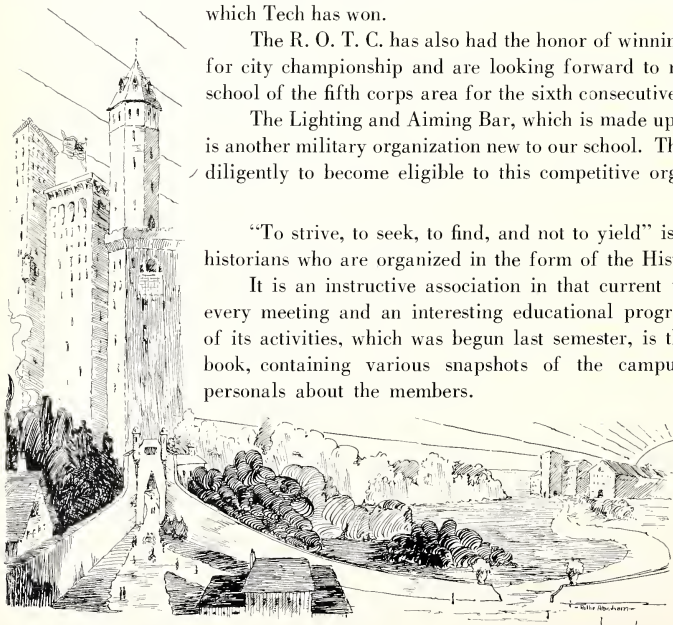
A cup, which is given by the Sons of the American Revolution and awarded to the best military unit in Indianapolis, has attracted the attention of the Tech cadets who have been striving to place it beside many others which Tech has won.

The R. O. T. C. has also had the honor of winning the competitive drills for city championship and are looking forward to making Tech the honor school of the fifth corps area for the sixth consecutive year.

The Lighting and Aiming Bar, which is made up of select rifle shooters, is another military organization new to our school. The cadets have practiced diligently to become eligible to this competitive organized group.

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield" is the motto of the Tech historians who are organized in the form of the History Club.

It is an instructive association in that current topics are discussed at every meeting and an interesting educational program is conducted. One of its activities, which was begun last semester, is the keeping of a scrap-book, containing various snapshots of the campus and buildings and personals about the members.



GLEE CLUB ACCOMPLISHMENTS

The greatest feature of the Girls' Glee Club this semester was Freshie Night at Cadle Tabernacle, October fifteenth. The club has attained no greater success in its history.

The entire group sang before the State Teachers' Association, and before an assembly of students, Athletic Night, November twenty-ninth.

The special group filled several important engagements, chief of which were a program at the Franklin Masonic Home, one at the Edwin Ray church, and several for civic clubs.

The Tech Choral Society, sponsored by Miss Harvey, completed a full program this semester. At Mr. Hesser's request the group formed the nucleus of the All State Chorus which appeared before the State Teachers' Convention October twenty-first. The musical numbers presented were "In Spain," "The Pilgrims' Chorus," "The Lost Chord," and "The Heavens Resound." The Choral Society also sang at the Cadle Tabernacle on November twenty-ninth.

THE MAGICIAN'S WAND

(Concluded from page 21)

(Dance by Miss Hanna)

TOASTMASTER: Our next number features Miss Ruth Shorb. Miss Shorb, now the world-famous prima donna, has made this trip from New York where she is with the Metropolitan Opera.

(Song by Miss Shorb)

TOASTMASTER: As a final and fitting tribute in making this Homecoming banquet a lasting memory, I request every one to join in singing our own class song, directed by Thelma Caldwell, the composer. Since her first musical triumph, Miss Caldwell has become famous as a composer of ballads which are sung both here and abroad. It may be a long time before we again assemble as Techites, so, as a parting remembrance, our Class Song.

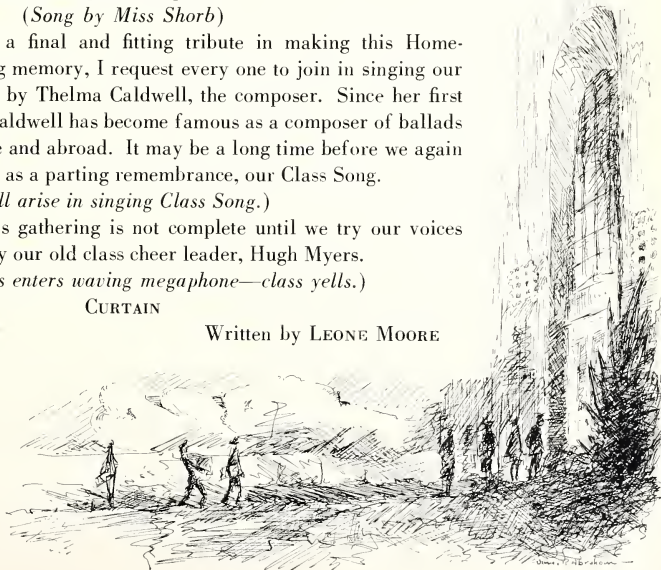
(All arise in singing Class Song.)

TOASTMASTER: This gathering is not complete until we try our voices in our Tech yells, lead by our old class cheer leader, Hugh Myers.

(Hugh Meyers enters waving megaphone—class yells.)

CURTAIN

Written by LEONE MOORE





'25 Team at '26 Game



Flags Off



Louisville Rooters at Tech



A View



'26 June Breakfast



Snow



Where Our Minds Run



"The Big Parade"



The Central Band Arrives



The War Consul

Bang
TECH



Tech Mascot



Four & What?



"Noon Time



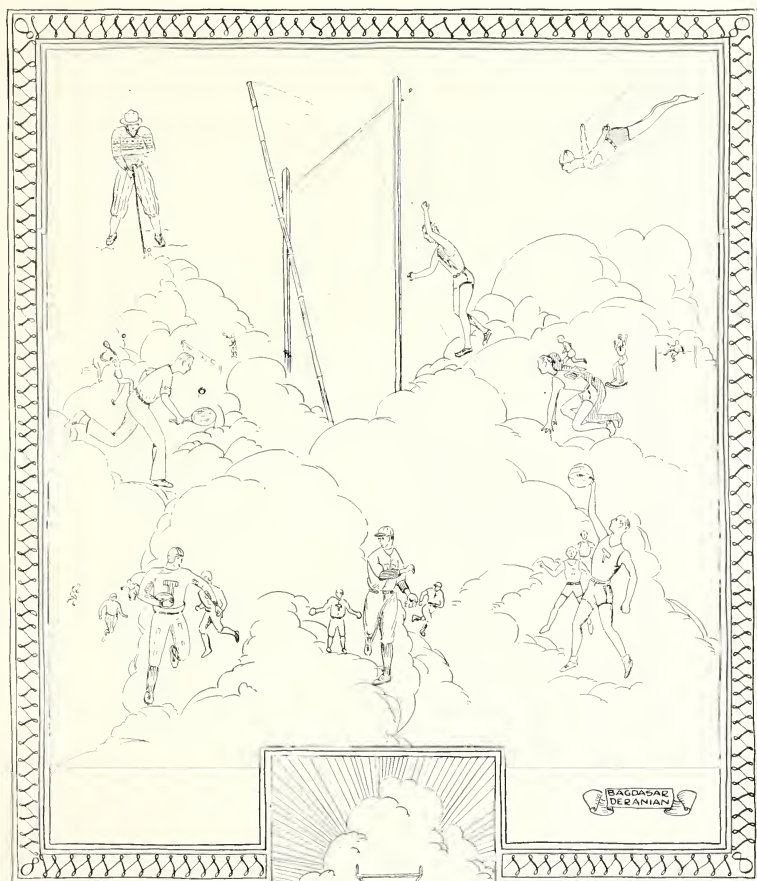
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Just Posing

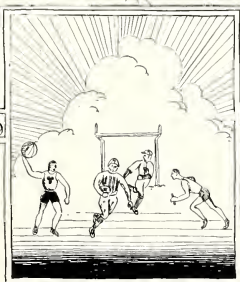


Is Play Time



BAGDASARIAN

Teck



Sports

COM
ART
111

THE
FOOTBALL
SQUAD



THE GRIDIRON REVIEW

The Green and White enjoyed a season of varied success. When the scores were tabulated and figured out, we found that we had won four and lost five titles.

ELWOOD

The Green squad triumphed over the scrappy visiting Elwood eleven to the tune of 19 to 0, the team as a whole displaying good form. Krueger handled the play in a masterful fashion; Adams made two markers, while Blake made the third with a pretty end run.

SOUTH BEND

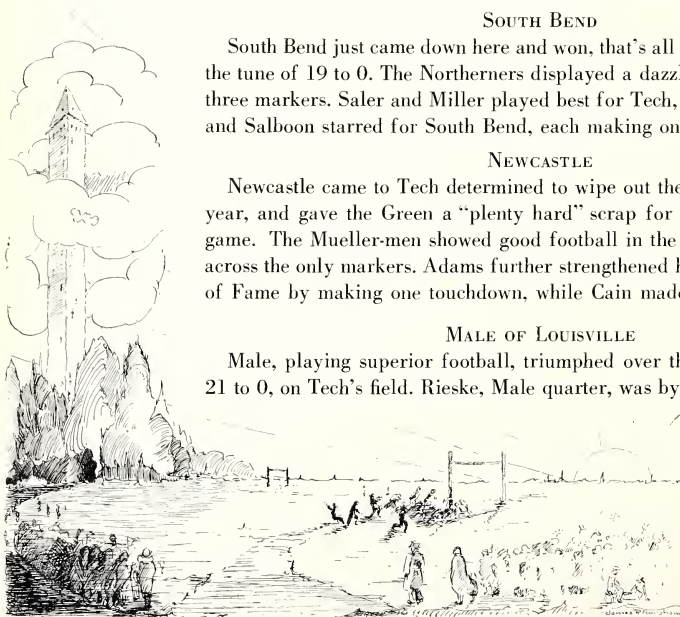
South Bend just came down here and won, that's all there is to it, repeating the tune of 19 to 0. The Northerners displayed a dazzling attack to make the three markers. Saler and Miller played best for Tech, while McNulte, Kintz, and Salboon starred for South Bend, each making one touchdown.

NEWCASTLE

Newcastle came to Tech determined to wipe out the 64-to-0 defeat of last year, and gave the Green a "plenty hard" scrap for Tech to win a 13-to-0 game. The Mueller-men showed good football in the third quarter to shove across the only markers. Adams further strengthened his position in the Hall of Fame by making one touchdown, while Cain made the second.

MALE OF LOUISVILLE

Male, playing superior football, triumphed over the lighter Green team, 21 to 0, on Tech's field. Rieske, Male quarter, was by far the fastest man to





AT THE
SHORTBRIDGE
GAME

oppose the Tech gridsters, accounting for two touchdowns. White, halfback, marked up the other, in addition to making the three tries for extra points.

MUNCIE

The Muncie Bearcats clawed Tech up "something terrible" when the locals went to Muncie. The team battled well in the pinches, holding the Upstaters to one touchdown, 6 to 0. Wedmore, Muncie half, accounted for the only score. Joris starred for Muncie, while Massy showed up well for Tech.

MANUAL

Tech captured the first city series game when the Green took the Manual gridsters into camp, 6 to 0, in a sea of mud at Irwin field. Adams made the lone score when he broke away for a 50-yard run in the first few minutes of play. Hunt of Manual was a constant threat to the Green.

CENTRAL OF EVANSVILLE

Central came down here as a sort of "unknown quantity," but they soon dispelled all doubts as to their ability. Ashby, the visiting half, snagged two long passes to make touchdowns, while Gabbert made good on the tries for points to make the score 14 to 0. Massy's run of 40 yards featured the game.

ELWOOD AT ELWOOD

For the second time in the season, the Elwood gridsters opposed the Green, this time at the former's school. Elwood uncovered a vicious, threatening

(Concluded on page 48)



THE
HARDWOOD
TEAM



BASKETBALL

Tech started the 1926-27 season with fair success under the leadership of Coach Wakefield.

The first game was staged with the fast Lebanon team at Lebanon. Tech lost in the final minutes of play when the Lebanon guard found the basket for several long shots from center. The score was 29 to 24.

On the following night Tech displayed a fast moving attack and trimmed Broad Ripple, 34 to 21, at the new Armory.

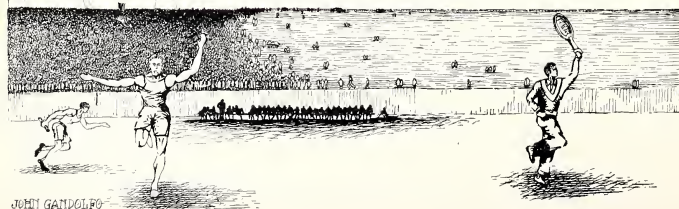
The Greenfield netters won from Tech by the score of 25 to 24.

On December eleventh the New Castle Trojans visited Tech at the new Armory, the visiting team emerging victorious. The score was 31 to 25.

The players who have showed up best so far are Fischer, Grimsley, Thompson, Demmery, Cravens, and Massey.

When the magazine went to press, the following scores had been made:

| | |
|---------|-------------------|
| Tech 24 | Lebanon 29 |
| Tech 34 | Broad Ripple 21 |
| Tech 24 | Greenfield 25 |
| Tech 25 | New Castle 31 |
| Tech 25 | Richmond 18 |
| Tech 53 | Crawfordsville 30 |
| Tech 29 | Shortridge 28 |





TECH'S
RACQUET
WELDERS

DARK HORSE WINS

The annual fall tennis tournament for boys at Tech had thirty-two entries, the largest intramural tennis tournament ever held here. Those who survived the first round were known as the "Big Sixteen:" Paul Aufderheide, Farrington Bridwell, Cortland Carrington, Jean Demmary, Henry Gibson, Leland Lohrman, Emmet Lowery, Lowell Rhodehamel, John Rosebaum, Edward Sargent, Wayne Shumaker, Paul Skinner, Daniel Sullivan, Ellsworth Sunman, Norman Worth, and Jack Yule.

Carrington and Rhodehamel battled it out for top honors of the first tournament, Rhodehamel winning by a score of 6-3, 2-6, 6-2. In the first set, Rhodehamel's dazzling service and strokes swept him through in fine style. But in the second set, Carrington staged a comeback to win. In the last set, however, Carrington chopped in vain, for Rhodehamel was "on" and won the set with little trouble.

In the second tournament, a dark horse was winner. Sunman, in the semifinals, upset the dope and defeated Rhodehamel. Carrington again reached the finals only to lose out, Sunman defeating him 6-4, 6-2. The first was closely fought, but Sunman finally broke Carrington's service on the ninth game, and then he took his own service to win the set.

Mr. Trueblood managed the tournaments, while Mr. Herbst and Mr. Haworth ably coached the players.



THE
COACHING
STAFF

FRESHIES SHOW UP WELL

The Green and White frosh netters started out their initial year in Tech athletics fifty-fifty. On November twenty-fourth the Green youngsters whipped the Westfield second team, 25 to 14. On December tenth, however, the Green lost a slow game to Brownsburg, 9 to 7.

Coach Copple has some very promising material and expects to have a good season.

SECONDS HAVE TWO TEAMS

The Tech basketball seconds have started out the season at a fair pace, winning from Lebanon, 14 to 10, and from Mooresville, 38 to 27, and losing, 15 to 10, to Broad Ripple and, 31 to 13, to Greenfield.

The second squad is composed of two complete teams that are of about equal strength. Both are coached by Coach Myers.

THE GRIDIRON REVIEW

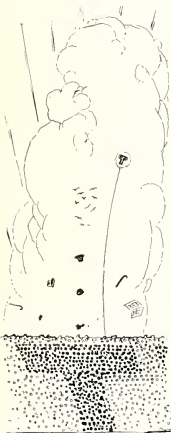
(Concluded from page 45)

attack, which was only beaten in a last-minute rally by the Mueller-men. The final score was 13 to 6, as compared with the 19-to-0 score of the season opener.

SHORTRIDGE

On Friday, November nineteenth, Shortridge defeated Tech for the first time. The final score was 12 to 0. Tech outplayed the Blue and White for more than three-fourths of the game, but when, by a series of shifty plays and passes, the Green warriors advanced to the Shortridge 2-foot line, the Blue held, and Tech lost one of the best played games of the season.

{ PAGE FORTY- EIGHT }



BYRON ROUGHNEL



SNAPS
ON THE
FIELD

Here's how the scoring stands for the football season:

| PLAYER | POINTS |
|---------------|--------|
| Adams | 30 |
| Blake | 12 |
| Cain | 6 |
| Demmery | 3 |

Tech made 51 points to their opponents' 78.

The Tech band paraded before the stands at every home game.

The second Elwood fray was the only one on the Tech schedule in which both teams scored.

In the Shortridge-Tech game, despite the seemingly one-sided score, Tech made five more first downs than Shortridge.

The Tech frosh enjoyed a successful season, gaining victories over Shortridge and Manual, and also undisputed claim to the football championship.

Manual's gridmen tied Coach Meyer's warriors, 7 to 7, in their first game, but wilted before the Green and White in a return encounter by the score of 6 to 0.

If the Tech squad had beaten Shortridge, Tech would have kept the cup. Unfortunately, it was forced to loan the silverware to the Blue this season, but the school expects it to be returned next year.



Play the Pump

Sport Snaps

Tech-19 Edward-O

Tech-15 Newcastle-O

Tech-O South Bend-19

Manual Band

Band Stop

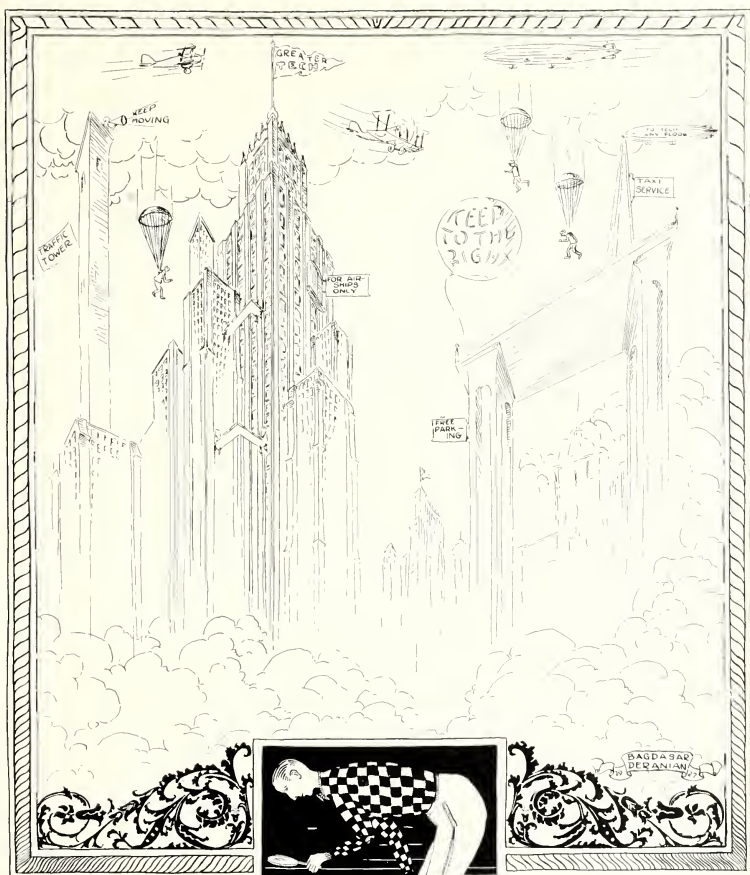
Tech-O Male

Going Down

Tech-O Central-14

Tech-O Male

The Crowd



Wit and



Mumor

COP-1
ACT
111

The Gum Chewing Epitaph

Oh, the gum chewing girl
And the cud chewing cow
The difference between them,
I can not think now.
Forget not your gum
As you enter the room.
Please park in the basket
Or we'll read your doom.
Signed:
The Opposing Committee of Gum-
Chewers, Principal, and Teachers.

KREIGH KNITTEL

"Drop a nickel in the slot and you'll either receive a stick of chewing gum or hear a piece of jazz played," is the theory Leota McIntire believes. While standing on top of the bleachers at the Tech-Shortridge game, she calmly dropped a precious five-cent coin between the boards. She was extremely surprised to discover that the nickel lay smiling up at her from the ground beneath. But that time she experienced nothing but disappointment for dropping her money through a slot.

Farmer Oats (at a concert during the performance of a duet): D'ye ken, Tammas, now it's got to ten o'clock, they're singing two at a time, so as to get done sooner!

First Doctor: Did you hold a mirror to her face to see if she was still breathing?

Second Doctor: Yes, and she opened one eye, gasped, and reached for her powder puff.

Sweet Young Thing: Why are you running that steam-roller thing over that field?

Farmer: I'm going to raise mashed potatoes this year.

Jerald: I know a man who made a fortune on crooked dough.

Howard: Was he a counterfeiter?

Jerald: No, a pretzel manufacturer.

—Exchange

Billy was fixing the furnace for his mother. It had caused him considerable trouble by smoking. "Mother, how old is this furnace?"

Mother: About two or three years.

Billy: I knew it, mother. You should take care of that furnace. It's too young to smoke.

Quick Retreat

"I have here, sir," began the brisk agent, "a new device which—"

"Jobson," yelled Mr. Wadleigh, "what do you mean by letting this fellow get into my private office? If I have to throw him out, you'll go with him."

"I have here, sir," continued the agent, "my hand on the door knob, which I am turning for the purpose of letting myself out. Good day, sir."

The little hoy sat disconsolately on the curb and sobbed as though his heart were breaking. The Kind Old Lady stopped and asked sweetly: "Is a itta boy cwin'? Tum, tella nice wady wassa matter."

"If you are inquiring as to the cause of my lachrymose condition," he answered, looking up at her pityingly, "it is because I have been unable to find suitably intelligent playmates whose eugenic constitutions are in harmony with my pathological tendencies and whose hereditary affiliations meet with the approval of my parental relations since we moved to this place from Boston."—Exchange

Old Mose was wrestling with a balky mule when a bystander said: "Mose, where's your will power?"

"Mah will power's all right, but you ought to come out and see dis yer animal's won't power."

"Just one more glass, boys, and then we'll all go home," said the dishwasher as he laid down the soap.

Charles De Sautelle says that the only impossible thing nowadays is to play a trombone in a telephone booth.

Farmer: Hi, there! What are you doing up in my cherry tree?

Youngster: Dere's a notice down dere to keep off the grass.

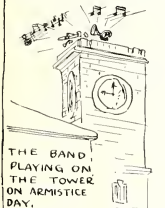
"What rotten trolley service," exclaimed the disagreeable man.

"Why?" asked the conductor. "Some one gave up his seat for you, didn't he?"

"Yes," said the man, "but my wife had to stand all the way."—Hi Times

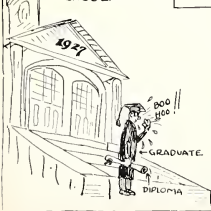
CANNONETTE

EDITOR — BAGDASAR — DERANIAN



EDITORIAL

GRADUATES MAKE SORRY SIGHT WHEN LEAVING SCHOOL



SPORTS

REMAINING BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

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As Clear As Mud

Today is today, just as yesterday was today yesterday, but today is yesterday tomorrow, which makes today yesterday and tomorrow all at once. Now run along and play.—*Exchange*

"When I get an A+ in French, I'll invite you all out to my house and we'll have a big celebration," declared Virginia Casey to her classmates. The next minute she gazed awestricken at a neat A+ opposite French II on her report card. "I withdraw my invitation!" she hastily remarked, still thoroughly dumbfounded at her good fortune.

"Why do you think your dog loves you?" asked the nice old lady.

"Because he knows I'd knock the stuffin' out of him if he didn't," the boy replied.

Soldier (on sentinel duty): Who goes there?
Voice in the dark: Major Moses.

Soldiers: Advance, Moses, and give the ten commandments.—*Phillips High School Mirror*

The Kid: Please, mister, gimme a tough sirloin steak.

The Butcher: Tough?

The Kid: Yes—cause if it's tender, dad eats it all.—*The Outlet*

"If my new invention doesn't work I'll have to—"

"To what, Frank?"

"Have to myself."

"Lo, Si. Fishin'?"

"Naw, just drownin' worms."

—*East Tech Scarab*

"That's another story," said the man as he fell from the roof.

Father: I see you are at the foot of the class again.

Son: Yes, sir.

Father: How come this time?

Son: I put too many z's in scissors.

—*Exchange*

Ann W. (in florist shop): I'd like to see some buttercups, please.

Clerk: I'm awfully sorry, madam, but we don't have any chinaware in stock.—*Exchange*

And Still Another

"I say, boy," said the man who had just purchased a paper, "I don't see anything about thirty-two victims being swindled."

Young boy, pocketing dime for paper, runs off shouting, "Wuxtra. Wuxtra. Great swindle. Thirty-three victims."—*Manual Weekly*

"What's that big building?"

"The jail."

"Tremendous. One could get lost in it."

"People do. It takes some of them years to find their way out."—*The Trapeze*

"Good-bye," said the small boy, "I've had a very nice time."

"You don't say so," replied the cordial hostess.

"Yes, I do," replied the boy seriously, "always."—*The Outlet*

George: Is this red paint a fast color?

Clerk: Guaranteed to be absolutely fast, sir.

G. C. Give me three cans and I'll paint my car with it. I haven't been able to get more than thirty out of it.

Dentist (after examination): And you will have gas, madam?

Grace (nervous): You don't suppose I'm going to let you tinker with my teeth in the dark, do you?

Dot Screes (at Muncie football game): I'm getting soot all over me.

Bob Miller: Oh, I guess that's from that locomotive we just gave.

Mr. Diver: My son, I fear I shall not see you in heaven.

Bernard: What have you done now?

—*Exchange*

Freshie to Roll Room Teacher: I want to drop Latin. I'm going to take an epidemic course next semester.

Ray Ball, to garage attendant: "Gimme some dynamite; I want to blow up my tires."

—*Hi Times*

Gallivan (meat eater): I've tried nuts as food, but they don't seem to agree with me.

Miller (vegetarian): What kind of nuts did you use?

Gallivan: Doughnuts.—*The Outlet*



A Dissecting Laboratory in the Office?

The troubled voice of the switchboard operator was heard in the office: Why did you disconnect that man?

Wouldn't It Be Queer If:

Jeanette was a Plumber instead of a Mason?
Hester was Sparrows instead of Robins?
Nellie was Green instead of White?
Paul was a Rod instead of a Barr?
Irma was Dull instead of Bright?
George was a Grocer instead of a Butcher?
Elizabeth was a Buggy instead of a Carr?
Iris was a Canyon instead of a Clift?
Gladys was a Ranger instead of a Forester?
Ruth was a Corridor instead of a Hall?
Mary was Coolen instead of Heaton?
Alice was a Valley instead of a Hill?
Violet was Slowly instead of Lively?
Earnest was Slow instead of Quick?
Wilma Mae was a Fox instead of a Wolfe?
Charles was a Lung instead of a Hart?
Virginia was Straw instead of Hay?
Charles was Short instead of Long?
Howard was an Oldhouse instead of a New-house?
Richard was Factories instead of Mills?
Mildred was a Bug instead of a Beadle?
Florence was a Whitewell instead of a Blackwell?
Marie was Breadfield instead of Butterfield?
Isabelle was Late instead of Early?
Thomas was Spasms instead of Fittz?
Vincent was a Hunter instead of a Fowler?
Kenton was a Horticulturist instead of a Gardner?
Marvin was a Fort instead of a Garrison?
Mamie was Wrong instead of Wright?

"What's the matter, little boy?" said the kind-hearted man. "Are you lost?"

"No," was the manful answer, "I ain't lost—I'm here. But I'd like to know where father and mother have wandered to."—*Hi Times*

Gertrude Cohen: Mother, if sister were to swallow the goldfish, would she be able to swim like one?

Mrs. Cohen: Heavens, no. They'd kill her. Gertrude: But they didn't.

—*Manual News Weekly*

His Fault

"Maw! Maw!" yelled young Bearcat Johnson of Rumpus Ridge.

"What?" responded his mother.

"I wish you'd come quick and see what's the matter with the baby. Every time I slap his jaw he cries."

Pretty waitress: How did you find the dinner, sir?

Patron: Oh, I had a hard job, you little rascal, but I finally discovered it behind the salt-cellar.—*Manual Weekly*

"If there are spoons or not, the question is solved," according to Winona DeLang. During a scarcity of spoons in the Tech cafeteria, "Winnie" wrapped a lettuce leaf around the prongs of her fork, and proceeded to eat her pineapple ice successfully. Hereafter, students need not be disturbed when there are no spoons at lunch period.

"Ireland should be the richest country in the world."

"Why is that?"

"Her capital has been Dublin for many years."

—*Exchange*

"Go dig a potato," says Vera Nicoles.

"Go buy a carrot," observes Lois Sedam.

"Oh, beans," shouts Mary Mitchell.

"Water, water! We want water," call Alma Carr and Mary Isabel Williams.

"Well, vegetable soup!" exclaims Helen Capen.

Tramp (to passing motorist): I'm going your way.

Motorist: So I see, but I'll get there before you do.—*Spurdelonian*

Elderly Lady (getting off a Walgreen scale): Oh, dear, ain't that mean; it's the same fortune I got yesterday.—*The Trapeze*

"You ought to join the Foreign Club."

"Howzat?"

"Your mind's so far away."—*Exchange*

Tardy Student: I'm late, Mr. Clifford, but I had to wash my neck and ears. I swear it won't happen again.—*Exchange*

A PERTINENT QUERY

BY BAGDASAR PERANIAN

NO. 1



NO. 2





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